Bogus Civil-Service Reform.

With the hypocritical cant about Civil-service Reform no self-respecting citizen has a particle of patience. The phrase has become a by-word. Most of the men who have palavered about the subject and covered it with their sickening rhetorical drool are deservedly suspected of the worst sort of demagoguery, if they are not despised. Grant professed to be a Civil-service Reformer; but it was only to get rid of personal annoyance and evade "the courtesy of the Senate" he now so stoutly contends for. He merely wanted a pretext for ignoring the "claims" of leading Republicans whom he disliked, while he appointed whoever he pleased to any office that happened to be vacant, regardless of qualifications or character. Many of his appointments to important offices were not only disgraceful in themselves, but an insult to the country. Hayes made great pretensions to Civil-service Reform, and stuffed the Federal offices with scoundrels who had helped count him into the Presidency, and political tramps and nobodies from Ohio, violating every principle of sound policy and ordinary propriety.

Garfield was a fully-blossomed Civil-service Reformer. He advocated the subject in speech and press. He waxed eloquent in depicting the evils of the present system and the beauties of the one he proposed to put in its place. Three months in the White House, and he has repudiated by his acts every principle that he proclaimed. Pension Commissioner Bentley, who had been years in an office where he had saved the Nation $1,300,000, and prevented the stealing of as much more, was removed on account of "the pressure" of the thieves who found him in their way. General Smith, Collector at Bangor, a faithful and successful officer, was dismissed in the middle of his term to recompense Davis for retiring from the Senatorial contest and insnring the election of Hale. General Merritt, the respected and admirable Collector at this port, was removed in the midst of his term to reward Robertson, whose course at Chicago made Garfield's nomination possible. Stanley Matthews, a railway lawyer, was put on the Supreme Court bench, for which he was notoriously unfit, to placate interests and please individuals. Wallace R. White, notorious as a briber, a second Sessions without the latter's ability, was made District Attorney in one of the territories. A score of other instances can be named in which not only has every profession been falsified, but every sound principle of executive action has been trampled under foot. No wonder that Civil-service Reform is looked upon as a mere pretense and suspected as a blind when it is not loathed. And now Mr. Garfield has been shot by a man who was mad that he was not provided for by the President he had worked to elect in the expectation of an office.

Whatever interest the country might have had in Civil-service Reform has been killed by the hypocritical pretenses and unscrupulous acts of its advocates. Moreover, the people of this country do not want an ironclad civil service system fastened on the Federal Government. Everybody knows that schoolmaster examinations are not tests of capacity for the public service and are ridiculous. Why demand that a Weigher, or Inspector, or tide-waiter in the Custom-house shall answer a schoolmaster's catechism when Senator Logan murders the King's English every time he makes a speech, and one-third of the Senators are incapable of correcting him? Three-quarters of the talk about Civil-service Reform is the veriest trumpery. What is wanted is to abolish the whole spoils system, which is debauching the politics of the country and degrading the General Government into an immense plunder-shop for the distribution of places to the favorites of the highest officials. This system degrades the 104,000 Federal offices into a vast corruption fund with which an Administration pays the expense of its election and promises to pay for its continuance in power. And to get rid of this system there should be such a tenure-of-office act as shall make it impossible for even a President to remove anybody save a Cabinet Minister during his official term except for just cause. All the subordinate places of the Government should be taken out of politics altogether. A man appointed to an office should be so assured of his position for his term that he can give his whole time and mind to the public service. It is the President's duty to appoint the best men he can find to offices as they become vacant. There is no system under Heaven by which a weak or unprincipled President will be compelled to make good appointments. As General Hancock well said, the only way to reform the Federal service is to begin at the top by putting men at the head of the Government who will make wise appointments. The Senate was intended to be a sieve to keep all bad nominations from taking effect. There will be no practical difficulty when this corrupt and iniquitous spoils system is destroyed. And if it is not soon abolished it will abolish everything decent and respectable and worth preserving in the Republic.—*N. Y. Express.*

Constitutional Government on Trial.

When Prince Albert declared that Constitutional Government was on its trial in Great Britain, he was roundly rated by the British press, although he uttered what now seems to have been a truism. But what the slow development of the events of which the Reform bill was the most conspicuous did for Constitutional Government in Great Britain, the sudden shock of Guiteau's crime has done for republican Government in this country. Republican Government in the United States has been on its trial. The abuses—some of them most serious and scandalous abuses—which have grown up in the Republic founded by Washington are known to all of us, and all of us are ready enough, on occasion, to point them out. That discussion is less trammeled here than elsewhere, and that public criticism goes to a point which in some countries positive law, and in still other countries social opinion, would intervene to prevent it from reaching, makes more conspicuous here than elsewhere such political abuses as neither law nor social opinion avails to prevent. In no other civilized country, for example, would men who occupied or aspired to a decent social position or a dignified political position be found to avow their complicity in such a rascally piece of espionage as that which was practiced recently in Albany. In no other civilized country would public journals which pretended to respectability have given detailed reports of such a performance.

But such things as these, disgusting and discouraging as in themselves they are, at least give us the assurance that we know the worst that can be credibly charged of the rascalities as well as of the corruption of American politics. Republican institutions are not really put in peril by a knot of bribers and bribe takers and spies and sneaks in Albany, nor by a murderous and fanatic fool in Washington. It is to the demeanor of the people in the face of a great and sudden crisis in National affairs that we must look if we are to judge how far the moral soundness and the moral self-restraint of the American people have been affected by the unquestioned degeneration of the race of American politicians.

It must be admitted that the ordeal which the American people have thus been called upon to go through has been bravely sustained. The first and most striking fact to be noted is that the miserable scramble of our current politics is absolutely ignored by all decent persons in discussing the public calamity. The tone in which men and newspapers speak of Guiteau's crime and of its victim is the same whether it is taken by Democrats or by members of either faction of Republicans. The President's position as a political leader is forgotten altogether in the presence of this crime. It is remembered only that he is the President of the United States, and that in his person the majesty of the Nation has been outraged. What is technically said of all crimes of violence is felt to be especially and intensely true of the dastardly crime of Guiteau. It is a crime "against the peace of the people of the United States and their dignity." The universal and unaffected sorrow which prevailed on the last Fourth of July had this of brightness and of promise in it, that not for many anniversaries of our independence had the bond of patriotism been so sensibly felt as it was felt on this anniversary. The calamity of a foreign war has this compensation, and this is the compensation which has also now been brought with it by a public crime. For Nations, as for men, it may be better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting: and the sudden sobering of what would otherwise have been the unrestrained jubilation of the country in its material prosperity should induce more useful and more wholesome reflections than any that the Fourth of July orators might institute upon the rapid agrandizement of a country, the greatness of which does not protect its chosen chief from the assassin's pistol.

The revival, or rather the disclosure of patriotism as a practical and positive sentiment in a community of eager men of business, is in itself most valuable. But it is not more valuable than the self-command which the attempt upon the life of the President has demonstrated to exist in all classes of the community. It is this general habit of self-control which is, in the last resort, the security for the permanence of a Government founded upon universal suffrage, and which many observers have feared would give way before the increasing tides of immigration from countries of which the political institutions neither require or develop that republican virtue. Not since the murder of Lincoln has the self-control of the American people been so severely tried as the attack upon Garfield. At no time has it ever withstood trial more successfully. For the detestable crime of Guiteau, if it should fail of Guiteau's intention to do murder, the punishment provided by law is evidently and confessedly inadequate. And yet no suggestion has been made from any responsible press or person that the failure of the law to provide full justice shall be supplemented by giving unlawful sway to the common sense of indignation and the common impulse to revenge. In this the demeanor of the American people is more dignified in 1881 than it was in 1865. The drum-head court-martial which was organized to try the assassins of Lincoln was unknown to the law, and not only did justice not according to law, but, as is now acknowledged, did in one case cruel as well as lawless injustice. The assassin of Garfield turns from his crime to be collared by a policeman and treated precisely as if he had attacked the humblest instead of the most highly-placed man in Washington. And the people, therefore, in one of the most exciting crises of their history, have made it clear that the disturbance of the war period has passed away and that they live, and mean to live, under a Government not of passions but of laws.—*N. Y. World.*

POLITICAL ITEMS.

——A Cincinnati astronomer is positive that he saw the comet split open the other night. He says the nuclei are 1,200 miles apart. This is not so bad as the Republican party.

——The expressions of sympathy and sorrow which come from every quarter of the South in this hour of National trouble are evidently from the heart, and show how greatly the people of that section have been misapprehended.—*Exchange.*

——No doubt Mr. Hayes is right in rushing out his denial of the remarks about Garfield and Blaine that were attributed to him; but who cares whether he did or did not say these things? He was a mere accident in the White House, and did not exhibit enough individual and personal force while he was there to make it a matter of any importance what he thinks and says now that he has retired to private life. —*St. Louis Republican.*

—— General Fitz John Porter has been charged by the Republican press with most of the crimes known to the Decalogue; but he cannot be charged, even by the bitterest of his partisan assailants, with harboring malice. Although President Garfield was a member of the court which convicted him, he says:

God grant the President may get well, say I, and I say it for his country's sake, for his own sake and for his family's sake. Having gone through a trying ordeal myself, I can appreciate the extent to which a family suffers when a husband and father is even worse than murdered. Yes, I can feel for them, and they have my heartfelt condolence.

GENERAL.

—There is to be a Swiss national exposition at Zurich in 1883. The Swiss Confederation will grant a subsidy of 400,000 francs.

—The Governor of Massachusetts is generally obliged to listen to all the college commencement speeches in New England. The party opposed to him can afford to express sympathy.

—To-co-be, chief of the Shoshone Indians of Nevada, drives a spanking pair of trotters attached to a handsome carriage. He has made some successful ventures in mining, and is an extensive breeder of cattle.

—Mr. Parnell, of West Point, Ga., the champion peach farmer, is the elder brother of the Irish agitator, who was disinherited on account of infirm health. He further suffered injury by an accident some years ago on a Southern railroad.

—An exhibition of pipes and snuff-boxes at the Crystal Palace, London, contains numbers of pipes collected by the Emperor Maximilian, which were found in the buried cities of Mexico. There were smokers thousands of years before Raleigh.

—A Cincinnati seamstress grew tired of the needle, and hung out a sign as a doctor. Her first patient was a man who had congestion of the brain, but she thought it was rheumatism, and nearly covered him with alum plasters. The treatment killed him.

—William Bennett, of Denton, Ala., wanted to marry a servant girl. "If you make such an alliance we will disinherit you," his father wrote. "The girl refuses me, and I am about to commit suicide," was the message returned by the son before killing himself.

—The net income of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia is reported to be two hundred thousand dollars a year, while he pays his farm laborers eight cents a day for fifteen hours' work. Nihilism is one of the crops which such farming naturally produces.

—In the vicinity of Augsburg, Bavaria, snails are raised, fed and sold as food. They are said to be highly nutritious, and are recommended in Europe as food for consumptives. It is said that in the vicinity of Augsburg there are 2,000 acres of land devoted to the raising of snails alone.

—Justice Stanley Matthews has frequently been mistaken for Grant, for Garfield and for Hayes. Gen. Grant having the fact called to his attention recently, said: "Now you speak of it, I can see myself that there is a likeness in him to each of us, though neither of us looks much like the other. He is sort of a link between us."

—A wealthy Californian named Brennan has received a Government grant of eighty-four leagues of excellent land in Sonora, from the Mexican Government, on condition that within five years he will have a colony of 500 families on it. Until the terms are complied with the title to one-half the grant will be withheld. The colonists will be allowed to import all goods for their own use free of duty.

—The President's relatives say that, with the exception of an attack of fever and ague years ago, when a boy, and occasional touches of dyspepsia in later years, Gen. Garfield has never in his life been ill. His habit has always been to live on plain, substantial food, and he has never indulged in late suppers of rich food, to which the average statesman is addicted when in Washington.

—The Parisian *bourgeoisie* put their infants out to nurse without, in many cases, any precautions as to getting their own child back again. A lady says: "I have often seen at the Paris railroad stations thirty or forty nurses leaving their babies bundled up on the seats of the waiting room. At the signal for departure they rushed in, took up a bundle at random, and were off to the country, indifferent as to the child they took—one baby being in their eyes as good as another."

—Some West Virginia boys, deeply impressed by a perusal of "Fox's Book of Martyrs," were desirous of reproducing the scene of a burning at the stake. Wood was piled around a post in the manner shown in one of the pictures, but a hitch came in the programme when the martyr was required. A scarecrow was tried, but he took martyrdom too coolly, and it was deemed desirable to burn something that would kick. A dog was next used, but he wriggled out of the rope when the first flame touched him, bit one of the persecutors, and escaped. Finally, a calf was tortured to death, with much success.

A Remarkable Career—The Author of "Kathleen Mavourneen."

For the last two years, says the Baltimore correspondent of the New York *Express*, there has lived in an out-of-the-way street in Baltimore a man who, by his literary and musical abilities, has rendered his name famous throughout two continents. He is F. Nicholas Crouch, the author and composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen." He is at present engaged as a varnisher in a factory near his home, and by this pursuit he is enabled to support his large family. In appearance he has a marked and expressive countenance, sinewy form and iron-gray hair. He is apparently an ordinary mechanic, but the brain which was once so fertile with ideas can still conceive thoughts worthy of the man. His history is interesting because of its numerous successes and failures; it is peculiar because his talents have raised him almost to the height of fame only to bring him eventually to his present lowly position. Mr. Crouch was born in England on the 31st of July, 1808. He comes of a very good family, the members of which had often distinguished themselves in the various professions. From an early age Mr. Crouch had evinced a love of music, and at nine years of age played bass-viol at the Royal Coburg Theater in London. From this starting point he worked himself into "His Majesty's Theater" and played a solo on the violoncello before Rossini. Bockra, then in the zenith of his glory, was conductor of the opera, and was so pleased with the boy's devotion to his profession that he made him his pupil. At the age of twenty, strong indications of vocal excellence manifested themselves and Bockra transferred his pupil to William Hawes, master of St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and the Chapel Royal boys. Here Crouch studied the Episcopal High Church service and the works of Handel. In 1821 a body of English noblemen, with George IV. as patron, established the Royal Academy of Music in Hanover Square, London. He requested the privilege of entering, and it was granted him. While studying here he was in frequent attendance at Buckingham Palace, the pavilion at Brighton and Windsor Castle. He was then appointed one of the gentlemen of Queen Adelaide's private band. Then it was Crouch became principal violincellist at Drury Lane Theater, under old Stephen Price's management, of American renown, and here he wrote his first ballad, "Zephyrs of Love," for Miss Annie Tree, and "The Swiss Song of Meeting" for Mme. Malibran.

Crouch then, as a relief from his many duties, entered mercantile pursuits and established a large rolling-mill for the manufacture of zinc on the Dart stream, in Kent. While traveling in the west of England as a representative of the firm, on account of his musical abilities he was requested to stay for a time at Plymouth, Devonshire, and as his absence from his business affairs was protracted longer than necessary, he returned to find himself financially ruined. In Devonshire, on the banks of the Tamar, he wrote "Kathleen Mavourneen," and the greater portion of his Irish work, "Echoes of the Lakes." At the death of William IV., he was commanded to attend the coronation of Queen Victoria. This he did, and while in London, the firm of D'Almaine & Co., Soho Square, offered him the supervisorship of the establishment at a yearly salary, and to contract for all his compositions for the next seven years. This was agreed to and he left Devonshire once more for the metropolis. At this particular period of time Marryatt was editing the *Metropolitan Magazine*, Howard sub-editing, Mrs. Crawford writing her autobiography. The popularity of "Kathleen Mavourneen" created a password among the above named writers, an introduction was sought, and the warmest friendship made between all parties. Mr. Crouch became the musical reviewer on the magazine, and through its medium became known to all the reigning poets and lyrists of the time—Mrs. Crawford, Mrs. Abdy, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Mittford, Alaric A. Watts, Thomas Bayley, F. W. N. Bayley, Douglas Thompson, John Hewitt Carpenter, Gill, Lemon, Douglas Jerrold, A'Becket, Thackeray, McKay, Campbell, Rogers, Morton, Sheridan Knowles and a host of others. These kindred spirits would meet at Mr. Crouch's soirees, and from those pleasant unions we date the creation of his list of English works: "Echoes of the Lakes," "Echoes of the Past," "Bardic Reminiscenses," "Songs of the Past," "Songs of the Olden Time," "Songs of a Rambler," "Songs of the Parish Wake," "Songs of the Seasons," "Songs of the Abbeys and Cathedrals," "Sketches of the Emerald Isle," "Hours of Idleness," "Roadside Sketches," "Songs of Shakspeare," "Friendship's Offering," "Songs of a Voyager," "Wayside Melodies," "Songs of Erin," "Songs of the Bards," "Beauties of Other Lands." In 1849 Max Maretzek and Crouch were both employed at Her Majesty's Opera in the Haymarket, in London, the former as a chorus-master and the latter as violoncellist in the orchestra. At one of the rehearsals of Verdi's opera, "Mansaniello," Max, in a cursory way, said, "Crouch, I am going to open the opera in the Astor Opera-house, New York; if you will go with me I'll give you the place of 'cello in the orchestra." Ambitious for position, the offer was accepted, and on the 10th of November, 1849, they arrived in New York. After various successes in this city he left it and commenced traveling through the country. In Portland, Me., he was very successful and accumulated much money. At this time the California excitement was at its height, and Crouch decided to go to the land of promise. On his way to this city he stopped at Jones' Hotel in Philadelphia; his wife was taken sick and he was obliged to remain. His money soon vanished and again he was destitute. By Dr. Cunnington's interest with friends in Washington, D. C., he started successfully in that city and fortune smiled once more. He became the musical director of St. Matthew's choir and taught at the elite of the city. In Richmond, Va., we next hear of him singing in St. Paul's Church under Dr. Minnegerode, the same success attending him in his professional pursuits.

During the war of the rebellion he served in the Confederate army, and sustained severe injuries in the losing cause. From the field of Lee's surrender he made his way after a time, with three ribs broken and a hand badly smashed, to Buckingham Court-house. Here he entered the service of Mr. Perkins as a gardener and farm-hand, glad to earn in any honest way a crust of bread. From this place he came to Baltimore, where he has remained ever since, working for his sustenance with hands that once recorded the most delightful melodies and won applause from sovereigns.

Chinamen Flocking to Australia.

Within the last fortnight upward of 2,000 Chinese have arrived, and there is now a very large number afloat en route from Hong Kong to this colony. The Chinese who are here explain that the exodus from the home country is occasioned by the great depression which exists there. The new-comers are ignorant people, who are unable to either read or write. It is only by great self-denial that they are able to scrape together enough money (about £8, we believe,) to pay for their passage, and the great part of them are almost penniless when they land here. Some of the Chinese merchants in Sydney believe that before the year is out 20,000 Chinese will land at this port unless some check can be put upon the inflow. Instead of being, as many people think, a source of profit to the Chinese employers of labor here, the immigrants prove a serious burden, for they have to be housed and fed until they can be sent or forced to go into the country. The majority of Chinese merchants and residents in Sydney are averse to the wholesale importation of Chinese to this colony, such as is now taking place.—*Sydney Herald.*

Our Young Folks.

A SONG FOR A BIRTHDAY BOY.

Once, upon a winter night,
When the snow lay cold and white,
Dropped a baby from the skies,
With a pair of big brown eyes:
Without clothes, or food, or name,
Right into our hearts it came,
And we loved it from that minute
As if there were "millions in it."

Soon a happy year had flown:
He could creep, and stand alone,
Know mamma and Rob and Britz,
Do a hundred pretty tricks:
He was sweet, but still a tartar,
So we called him little Arthur,
"Pet," and "Darling," "Love," and "Pride,"
And a hundred names beside.

When another year went by,
Could I tell if I should try
Half how lovely he had grown?—
Walking: like a man, alone,
Talking with such babbling words
Like the cooing of the birds,
With a tangled crop of curls
Hanging round him—like a girl's.

Three years old: now look for squalls,
Trials, troubles, cries and falls!
Up and down like any rocket!
In his dress a little pocket,
Filled with tops, and nails, and strings,
And some fifty other things:
Three feet tall, or taller, maybe—
Can this be my little baby?

Still another birthday: dear,
What a four-year colt is here!
Leaping, running, skipping, prancing,
In and out on swift feet dancing,
Handling marbles, spinning tops,
Spending cents in candy-shops;
In kilted skirt and buttoned jacket,
Always ripe for fun and racket!

Now, as sure as I'm alive,
That outrageous boy is five!
Send him off to school at once—
We don't want to own a dunce!
Full of tricks as any marten—
Get him to a Kindergarten:
There he'll learn to use his wits,
Without any ugly fits.

Six—and what do I behold!
No more waving curls of gold,
But a little wig of brown,
Closely cropped about the crown:
No more skirts, but little breeches
Full of many seams and stitches:
Growing, every single day,
In the most surprising way.

Seven to-day: a Boy at last!
Time and tide have traveled fast;
There he sits, so fine and tall,
Jacket, trousers, boots and all:
He can spell, and read, and write,
He is good, and gay, and bright,
And his life goes bravely on.
—But, where is my Baby gone?

So now I hope—what *do* I hope? Oh, scores and scores of things!
I hope he'll learn to comb his hair, and tie his own shoe-strings:
I hope he'll never catch a cold in hail, or snow, or rain,
And grow to be full six feet high without one growing pain:
I hope he'll keep his clear bright eyes, and his quick sparkling wits,
And never, NEVER, tell a tale on Jack, or Rob, or Fritz:
And never lose his merry laugh, or smile so gay and pleasant,
And lay up money in his box to buy each one a present:
In short, I hope—to end my rhyme, and not to make it longer—
Not only may my darling grow both better, wise and stronger,
But be, in heart, and mind, and soul, in all his walks and ways,
A "*Could not be a better*"* boy, through all his happy days.

* "Could not be better" is the highest mark given to the best boy each day in the Chauncy Hall School, where the Birthday Boy belongs. —*Wide Awake.*

TAKING HIS PLACE.

"Oh, Charlie! Why did you do it? On my birthday too! I am so sorry, for now you will miss all the fun of the Fourth." And as she spoke, Mary sat down dangling her broad hat by one string, and looked disconsolately at her brother, who had been sent to bed as a punishment.

"How was I to know that just a little bunch of fire-crackers like that was going to smash the goblet? I did not think it would do anything but just lift it up some."

"Who told you to do such a thing, Charlie?"

"Nobody; I thought of it myself. Oh dear! I wish I had a grandma, or an aunt, or somebody like that!"

"What for, Charlie? I am sure nobody could be half as good as mamma."

"I like grandmas and aunts. Eddie Bates has a grandmamma, and she always gets him out of scrapes; and Tom Taylor has an aunt that does lots of things for him. People ought not to get married if they don't have mothers and sisters to make grandmas and aunts for fellows who are always getting blamed for nothing at all."

"But, Charlie, you did break the glass."

"No, I didn't either; the fire-crackers broke it. Oh, dear! dear! I wish there wasn't any Fourth of July, nor fire-crackers, nor nothing! What's the use of fire-crackers, if a fellow can't fire them off? It was real mean to let me spend all my money on fire-crackers, and then not let me have any fun with them. There's my pin-wheel, too. I promised Bates to fasten it to the top of the highest clothes-pole in his back yard to-night."

"I am so sorry, Charlie dear!"

"And, Mary, I am so dreadfully hot. I have got a raging fever; I know I have."

"Why do you not say you are sorry?" suggested Mary.

"Didn't I say so?—over, and over, and over. And father just said he thought bed was the best place for boys who exploded fire-crackers under goblets. If I was a father, and wanted to kill a boy, I'd do it out and out, and not roast him to death in bed on a Fourth of July. I wouldn't for millions of dollars send a poor boy to bed on his sister's eighth birthday." But what particular attention was due to his sister's eighth birthday Charlie did not explain.

"You knew the crackers would break the goblet."

"No, I didn't; I never saw them smash one. Didn't they bang, though?" And at the recollection Charlie's eyes grew bright, and a delighted expression illumined his somber little face. The next moment, however, he was crying bitterly; and Mary, having watched him a moment, ran down stairs, just in time to stop her father as he was going out.

"Papa, please forgive Charlie. He is so sorry, and he wants to go out so much!"

"He must have a lesson, Mary, that will teach him not to be so destructive." But he added, smiling, "If you choose to take his place, Charlie may go out."

Mary bounded away to her brother's room. "Papa says you may go out, Charlie. Get up, dear."

Charlie needed no second bidding, and he asked no questions. Five minutes later he was explaining to Eddie Bates the principles upon which he had blown a goblet all to smithereens in his back yard.

What a glorious Fourth it was! Charlie did not go home until tea-time. He would not have gone then, but that his pin-wheel and the rockets were under his clean shirts in the bottom drawer of his bureau, and must be gone for.

Up stairs he ran, as gay as a cricket, and burst into his room. "Let me see; they are in this one. Bother! Where did I put them?"

"What are you looking for, Charlie?"

"What are you doing in bed?"

"Taking your place."

"What!"

"Papa said if I would take your place, you might go out; and girls do not care much about the Fourth of July," said Mary, cheerily.

"And you have been in bed all day?"

"Of course; papa said you were to stay in bed all day, and I am taking your place."

"But you are not me."

"But I am your substitute."

"Oh, Mary, you dear, dear, darling sister! you are better than all the grandmothers and aunts in the world: catch them going to bed a whole day for a fellow!" cried Charlie, kissing her proudly.

"I am very, very glad I took your place, Charlie."

"You get up now, Mary, and I'll give you my pin-wheel and my rockets, and you and Ella Bates can fire them all off. I wouldn't be so mean as to let you lie there any longer," said Charlie, beginning to remove his coat.

"That will do, Charlie," said papa, coming into the room. "Get up, my little daughter; Charlie has learned his lesson, I am sure."

"Indeed I have, papa, and I am real sorry."

That same evening Eddie Bates was boasting to a crowd of boys about his grandmother having saved him from an evening of sorrow in his own room, when Charlie spoke up:

"Grandmas and aunts are all well enough, boys, but sisters are a heap better. You just listen." And in a voice of pride and love he related his sister's generous act.

And the gay little crowd gave Mary three cheers and a tiger, besides firing off nine starry rockets simultaneously in her honor.—*Lillie E. Barr, in Harper's Young People.*

A Wise Coon.

Did you ever see a raccoon? I am going to tell you about one that was sent from the South as a present to a lady whose name was Isabella. He was called Zip Coon, and a very wise coon he was.

Zip had a long, low body, covered with stiff yellowish hair. His nose was pointed, and his eyes were bright as buttons. His paws were regular little hands, and he used them just like hands.

He was very tame. He would climb up on Isabella's chair and scramble to her shoulder. Then he would comb her hair with his fingers, pick at her earrings and feel of her collar and pin and buttons.

Isabella's mother was quite ill, but sometimes was able to sit in her chair and eat her dinner from a tray on her lap. She liked to have Zip in her room; but, if left alone with her Zip would jump up in the chair behind her and try to crowd her off. He would reach around, too, under her arm and steal things from her tray.

Once the cook in the kitchen heard a brisk rattling of tin-pans in the pantry. She opened the door, and there, on a shelf, was Zip. There were two pans standing side by side. One had Indian-meal in it, and the other nice sweet milk. In front of the pans stood Zippy.

He had scooped the meal from one pan into the milk in the other pan, and was stirring up a pudding with all his might. He looked over his shoulder when he heard the cook coming up behind him, and worked away all the faster, as if to get the pudding done before he was snatched up and put out of the pantry.

Zip was very neat and clean. He loved to have a bowl of water and piece of soap set down for his own use. He would take the soap in his hands, dip it into the water and rub it between his palms; then he would reach all around his body and wash himself. It was very funny to see him reach way around and wash his back.

One day Isabella, not feeling well, was lying on her bed. Zippy was playing around her in his usual way. Pretty soon he ran under the bed, and was busy a long while reaching up and pulling and picking at the slats over his head. By and by he crawled out: and what do you think he had between his teeth? A pretty little red coral earring that Isabella had lost several weeks before. Zip's bright eyes had spied it as he was playing around under the bed. So you see Zip Coon did some good that time.

When Zip grew older he became so cross and snappish, that he had to be chained up in the wood-shed in front of his little house. On the door of his house was printed in red letters, "Zip Coon: he bites."—*Nursery.*

——The Chinese are passionately fond of kite-flying. On the ninth day after the ninth moon the inhabitants of entire districts assemble, often in the greatest crowds, comprised of all classes, from the court dignitary to the poorest laborer, to watch the sport. The kites are made in every conceivable shape, representing birds, insects or fishes, and on a fine day the air will be quite full of them. Great skill is shown in keeping half a dozen or more going upon one string.

—It is gradually dawning in the minds of Englishmen that the United States is rapidly taking its place as the first Nation of the world. The London *Times* in a recent editorial admitted this as one of the inevitable events of the near future. It says that Russia's 80,000,000 are not to be compared to the 50,000,000 of the United States, as the latter population are intelligent people, with the same aims in life—they are a unit, in fact, while Russia's apparent strength is really a source of weakness.

—A wealthy lady who occupies a cottage at Mount Desert had a jewel case made in imitation of a Bible. A burglar visited her premises, of course, and avoiding the Bible as the devil would holy water, he carried off the silverware, but left the diamonds and their fellow jewels safely in their meek retreat.